

MAY 27 1924 ✓

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✓ THE RETURN OF DRAW EGAN ✓

Photoplay in five reels ✓

✓ Story by C. Gardner Sullivan ✓

Directed by Wm. S. Hart

Author of the photoplay (under section 62)  
Tri-Stone Pictures Inc. of U.S.

MAY 27 1924

TRIANGLE - KAY BEE  
STORY NO. 477

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THOMAS H. INCE

presents

WILLIAM S. HART

in

"THE RETURN OF 'DRAW' HAGAN"

By C. Gardner Sullivan

Photographed by Joe August

Robert Brunton - Art Director

Supervision of Thomas H. Ince

#### CHARACTERS

"DRAW" HAGAN	.....	1	.....	WILLIAM S. HART
POPPY	.....	2	.....	LOUISE CLARK
MYRTLE BUCKTON	.....	1	.....	MARGERY WILSON
ARIZONA JOE	.....		.....	ROBERT McKIM
MAT BUCKTON	.....		.....	J.P. LOCKNEY

MAY 27 1924

"THE RETURN OF 'DRAW' EAGAN"

by

C. Gardner Sullivan

When a harassed government of the rawly new territory of New Mexico offered a \$1,000 reward for the capture, dead or alive, of the notorious outlaw, Draw Eagan, and half that amount for any other member of his band, several ambitious posses took to the hills. In short, the famed and mysterious bandit, whose features were ever hidden by a large black mask, became a much sought after person. So popular had Draw (so called owing to his fatal ability to pull a gun with lightening rapidity) become that after a conference with his men, it was decided to seek safety first and disband the gang, each man laying out his course as suited him best. The decision came a trifle too late, for hemmed in by a large posse the outlaws were driven into an abandoned cabin which during the fight caught fire. Draw, his first lieutenant, Oregon Joe, and the rest of the gang succeeded in escaping, however with one exception, and vanished seemingly into the air. Although the hunt was kept up for weeks nothing came of it and the countryside settled down, many believing that the outlaws had perished in the burning cabin. The one exception, before mentioned, was Shorty Warner, who disregarding the advice and orders of Draw had attempted a dash in the open and had been promptly shot and captured. As a result of his rashness, Shorty was serving a long term in the capital prison.

Thus it came about that on a certain Summer afternoon, Draw Eagan, calm, unruffled and deadly cool as was his wont, rode quietly into the sleepy town of Muscatine, dismounted in front of the one saloon and strode inside. There was nothing about Draw to indicate the outlaw and man-killer. Coldly quiet, a master of the art of minding his own business he was the type that commanded respect from other men. Inside the saloon Draw drew the admiring attention of Mat Buckton of the Village of Yellow Dog and of this meeting came a formidable train of events. Buckton as the leading citizen of Yellow Dog, some forty miles across the prairie, had come to Muscatine, backed by a committee's opinion and on behalf of good government. Although he didn't call it that, Buckton was really in search of a chief of police and police force in one. Yellow Dog was in the grip of a moral reform and was looking for some one to keep that grip from loosening. "What we need", the committee had argued, "is some hard hitting, quick shooting son-of-a-gun who aint afraid of hell or its father. Somebody who don't know any one here, and aint got no friends to be partial-like to. Somebody who we can depend on to keep this town respectable and quiet. If we can get him we will pay him well and he can depend on us to stand back of him." The other element of Yellow Dog, and it was an element to be reckoned with, laughed, "Bring on your hifaluting fancy city marshall", they had jeered, "and watch him clear the tops of the tallest trees on his way out again." And that was why Mr. Mat Buckton leading merchant of Yellow Dog, father of the prettiest girl in town and chairman of the uplift committee had sojourned to Muscatine. He was looking for the toughest man on wheels and in Draw Eagan, after a careful scrutiny, Mr. Buckton felt that he had found his man. He had his reasons.

The bully of Muscatine, very drunk and ferocious had made the mistake, unpleasantly common, of mistaking Draw's quiet manner for timidity. He had insisted that the stranger drink with and to him and when Draw had refused, started to "ride" him. Draw didn't bother to draw his own gun. He took the bully's pistol out of his hand, threw it through the window and after carefully knocking his tormenter to the floor with one crashing swing, apparently forgot all about him and went on rolling a cigarette. Mr. Buckton watched the proceedings with interest and as he saw the unconscious respect in which the other men held the stranger he realized that here was a man who was used to being obeyed, in short the man for the office Yellow Dog was seeking to inflict on some unsuspecting stranger. He followed Draw into a corner of the room and with much caution and whiskey unfolded his plan. Draw listened with a whimsical smile. Among his other assets was a grim sense of humor and as he



digested the offer of Mr. Buckton, his eyes twinkled. "I can't exactly say that I ever had any experience in that line", he drawled, "but if you're willing to put up with an amateur, I'll take the job." Mr. Buckton extended a hand. "You're on", he said delightedly, "and damn me if I aint believing you're going to make good." Mr. Egan permitted himself a brief smile.

Thus it happened that Draw Egan, outlaw, man-killer and with a price on his head as a breaker of the law, came to Yellow Dog as the law's representative. "I may have to be a little rough at times", he had gently explained to the committee, "But I promise not to use up the boys any more than I can naturally help." The committee although they sincerely wished Draw success, could not help smiling dubiously.

Draw's advent into Yellow Dog caused more excitement than the last gold strike. The men began by regarding him as a joke, undertook to scare him out of town, when he got through with them they edged away and gave him plenty of space every time he passed near them. In short Mr. Egan had established the iron hand of the law and the committee, pleased and congratulating each other, at the same time felt thankful that Draw had promised to be "gentle" with the boys. If he hadn't been there would have been no boys left, they felt, and they were in a position to know for in that town of tough men, fighters, devils and worse, none could touch Draw Egan. He licked them, shot them and bullied them and always with the same impersonal, detached air of a man whose mind was elsewhere.

To tell the truth Draw's sympathies were with the element he was opposing—that is at first. Why he changed is another story. But in the beginning, only his bargain with the committee held Draw to a distasteful task when he was called upon to attend the meetings of the uplift society, hear the singing of the hymns and play the part of the tame cat as he listened to the praise of the women, he often questioned his own sanity. The novelty was beginning to wear off and in all probability Draw would have slipped and slipped badly but for the usual cause — a girl! She was Myrtle Buckton daughter of the chairman of the uplift committee. She began the thing by liking Draw immensely the first time she saw him. He wound up the affair by falling desperately in love with her — in love for the first time in his life and he certainly meant it. Despite his profession as a law and order enforcer Draw was looked askance by some of the women of the village who could not reconcile his methods with that of a true Christian, but from the first Myrtle was his loyal champion. And as Draw grew to love her more and more a dull pain entered his heart that he was not worthy of her opinion of him. More and more he regretted his early career and would have given twenty years of his life to have undone it. But it was too late and he gradually began the earnest task of making himself worthy of the present and looking forward to the future — a clean, honest future — a house, a garden, chickens, yes and lots of hens — he liked clucking biddies with their little fluffy breeds — chickens and — children. He smiled, he the mankiller, the outlaw. Such is the power of love. Then came the engagement and then something else — Fate! Oregon Joe came to Yellow Dog.

Oregon had been drifting rather aimlessly, waiting for something to turn up and seeking to emulate his former leader. In fact, because he had a streak of yellow as wide as a barn door in his system, Oregon took a particular pleasure in posing as a bad man, always being very careful, however, not to go too far. When he wandered into the main saloon of Yellow Dog he noticed at once the subdued atmosphere and formed the conclusion that here was an ideal place to be a particularly bad man. His tough manner impressed the hangers on somewhat and they looked at him with a dull interest. Then they thought of Draw and their hope faded out. All with the exception of Poppy, the queen of the dance hall girls. Poppy, in the beginning had made a play for Draw and that she had failed to interest him had not increased her liking for the gunman. Also the law and order regime did not appeal to her. Men were now afraid to shoot each other quarreling over her. As she eyed Oregon she felt that perhaps here was a new champion, one who would reinstate her on the throne and she determined to cultivate him. Oregon noted her bold, admiring glances and swaggered vanemously up to her. This was the beginning of their acquaintance.

Some kindly disposed native had taken it upon himself to inform Oregon of the man eating policeman of Yellow Dog and the information cast a deep damper on the bad man's bravado although he tried to hide it. Then Draw walked into the saloon and the two men saw each other. Both were too trained to give the slightest hint of

recognition but when Draw left the saloon Oregon followed him. "Say", he exclaimed with blustering delight, "what are you doing here? You, upholding the law!" He laughed and it grated on Draw. "That's just it", he responded coldly. "and I am going to go on upholding it." Oregon leaned toward him confidentially. "What's your game?" he demanded. Draw's eyes were dangerously cold as he answered: "Nothing but being on the square." He caught the mocking look in Oregon's eyes and went on swiftly. "Understand me, Oregon, I aint wishing you anything but luck, but I'm telling you that you and me is two different kinds now. I aint got no objection to your staying here but if you do you got to behave yourself. I'm telling you careful like now and you know me, I reckon. Oregon's face was a study as he replied: "I aint exactly understanding, but I'm staying on for a while." And he did.

Oregon staid on for two reasons. He was curious to see just what sort of game Draw was playing but the main reason was Poppy. The girl infatuated him and he was anxious to prove to her that he was a fire eating son of hell, the like of which had never been seen before. And as he staid, Oregon gathered in and slowly digested the facts. He learned the real reason for the change of heart in Draw. That it was a girl — a decent girl by God, and he laughed. Well, he too had a girl and he was going to make good in a different way for her. Constantly urged on by Poppy to show up Draw, Oregon afraid to meet his former chief in a fair field, hit upon a plan worthy of him. He knew that he had the whiphand. That but a whispered word as to the identity of the law and order agent would mean his arrest. Oregon didn't want to give the information. He would have to do much explaining on his own accord. Rather it would be the thing to hold his information as a club over Draw's head and this was what he decided to do.

When Draw drew Oregon aside after the latter had shot the bar mirror full of holes and coldly remarked: "One more bad act like this and I'm running you out of the town," Oregon sprung his trump card. "You lay a hand on me or try to show me up", he threatened belligerently, "and I'm telling the whole town who you are. Now go ahead and arrest me." Draw's face hardened and his hand slid toward his gun. Then he smiled. "I reckon you could do that", he replied, "but I still got a lot of confidence in myself and I guess I can manage to get away." "To hell with the people", he flared in answer to Oregon's taunt. "What do I care what they think?" Oregon replied slowly: "And how about the girl?" Draw did not answer and from the expression in his eyes Oregon knew he had him beaten. "You'd like to have her know now wouldn't you?" he jeered. "You'd be plum tickled to death." Draw still did not answer and walked away. He was up against the one thing he feared, dreamed of, hoped he could avert. For himself he did not care, but that the girl who loved and trusted him, the girl who had warmly championed him, believed in him, should know the truth! He couldn't bear the thought of it. She must never know. And he figured it out that he could avoid Oregon as much as possible, overlook small violations and delay the evil day. Maybe in the meantime something would happen that would give him an even break.

But Draw had not reckoned on Oregon's nature. Sure he had the gunman where he wanted him, Oregon began to boast openly that Draw was afraid of him. "This ornery son-of-a-gun, aint a man" he announced, "He's a fourflusher, boys, nothing else." "He wouldn't take a chance with a crippled baby." And with murder flaring in his heart Draw was forced to listen to the recounting of Oregon's boasts pretending all the time he didn't hear. But he couldn't fool the natives and gradually the impression began to take hold that the gunman was really afraid of the stranger. A couple of the villagers who sought to profit by this discovery found that while Draw might be afraid of the stranger, he wasn't afraid of anybody else but despite this fact the town's respect for its marshall began to lessen. And Draw, bound by his white blood from shooting down Oregon from behind, ground his teeth helplessly as he realized that he couldn't hope to force the man into a quick fight where a bullet might silence him forever. Oregon was too wise for that.

His success and Poppy's praise and urgin s turned Oregon's head and he began to grow more bold. The orgies of the days of old were beginning to be resumed in the saloon and the uplift committee looked on askance. What was the trouble with their marshall? Was he really afraid? Something of this came to the ears of Myrtle but she laughed at the very idea. "William knows what he is doing" she said. "Let him alone." But the rest of the town regarded the man they knew as William Blake, in a different light. Oregon knew Draw's evil temper too well to openly taunt

him but he felt safe in his insinuations and daily the situation grew more strained until at last even Draw knew that it could not continue any longer. The climax came when Oregon, full of whiskey and with the image of the siren Poppy before his eyes proposed a wild plan to establish the mastery of the situation. "Boys", he said boastfully, "this is a good town and I like it and am going to stay here. So are you but there are them that aint. We want a man's town, not a petticoat settlement and with your help I'm ridding the place of them that we don't like." Even the wildest of the gang were startled at this plan but as Oregon went on, telling them how easy it would be, they began to become convinced and finally consented to back him up. It was the first day of May and the better element had been holding an Arbor day celebration and had planted a few baby trees along the main thoroughfare in an effort to beautify the town. As they were returning they were confronted by Oregon, his gang at his heels. He delivered his message briefly. "By five o'clock tomorrow afternoon all of them that we aint exactly hankering after", he said, "will be leaving these parts for good" and he named them over. The uplift committee stood stunned. "Do you mean to say", Buckton finally gasped, "that you're cashing us out of our own town?" Oregon nodded, "just that", he replied, "and we're shooting if necessary." Then the circle of excited men about the bravado parted violently as Draw Eagan strode through them and confronted Oregon. From his room in the frame hotel commanding the street, Draw had witnessed the encounter and he had done some swift thinking. Whatever the cost to himself the time had come when he must either quit cold or make good. Besides he owed something to the town — to the girl. They had made a man of him and he would stand by them. Let Oregon do what he would, he, Draw Eagan was going to take a hand. And he hastened out trying not to think of what the girl would think later.

Draw stood eyeing the flushed and triumphant Oregon with the cold, half humorous, evil glitter of days gone by, in his eyes. His eyes turned from the bravado to the circle about him, rested a moment on the white, frightened face of Myrtle and then to Oregon again. "Folks", he was saying and his voice cut like a whiplash. "There aint anybody going to leave this town." He turned to Oregon and went on. "Do you hear", he repeated, "there aint anybody leaving except one man and that man is you, for", and his voice rang out like a bugle, "for you damn low down, sneaking hound, I'm calling your bluff." Oregon's face paled. Then ~~as~~ he recovered himself and glanced about him. The men at his back were looking uneasily from him to Draw, standing contemptuously calm. The old fear of the gunman was returning and as they eyed their leader their faith began to waver. Oregon began to realize that he must act and act swiftly. "Go on you skunk and talk", Draw was saying mockingly. "After you get through I'll have something to say." And Oregon accepted the challenge. It was the only thing he could do. He forced a hollow laugh and then in a wild rush of words told them everything he knew, that their much vaunted marshall, the agent of decency, law and order was none other than the notorious bandit chief, Draw Eagan. And he concluded mockingly, "you let this man boss you, you damn fools. If you don't believe it ask Sherty Warren over in prison in Tecumseh, or," his eyes flashed in Triumph to Draw, "ask him."

There was a tense utter silence as every eye turned toward Draw, standing like a statue and in all that crowd seeing but one face — her face. And still her eyes trusted him. "Ask him", he heard Oregon repeating. Then he roused himself and faced them. "It is true", he said slowly and then went on hastily as to his ears came the sob of the girl. "I am Draw Eagan and I've been some bad. I aint denying it. But I am aiming to outlive it and was doing my best —." He paused a moment and then went on. "But that aint here nor there. I'm the man you're looking for and I aint trying to get away. But", his voice rose again, "I still am marshall of this town and I'm demanding one right. At six o'clock tonight I'm surrendering myself but until that time I'm asking you to let me alone." He turned and eyed Oregon evilly. "Until I've finished with him" he concluded. Oregon started nervously but the gaze of the men about him held him as Draw went on. "You've played your card", he was saying, "You've played bad man because you thought I was afraid to stop you. You've played hell", he concluded bitterly. "Not it's my turn." His voice was like cold steel as he went on, pointing toward the sun already beginning to dip toward the horizon. "You see that sun?" he asked. "In a half hour it'll be shining through the window of Frisco's saloon. You'll be there, for you'll be needing all the whiskey you can get to keep up your nerve. When you see that sun shining through the window and striking on the bar, get ready for it'll be coming for you." Draw turned abruptly and strode out of the scene, conscious of but one thing — the girl had turned her eyes away as



he passed her. No one moved. They let me go and then they all looked at Oregon. His stock had fallen sadly but he could not escape. He must make good and still trying to hold his nerve, he headed, as Draw had predicted, straight for the saloon.

Oregon stood at the bar gulping down drink after drink. About him he saw the questioning, contemptuous faces of men once his friends. They hated a squealer and they now realized that the bravado was not a brave man but merely a cheap black-mailer. They wondered if he had the sand to stick it out. Then the sinking sun came flooding through the window and fell squarely across the bar, illuminating the twitching face of Oregon in a pitiless light. He knew the moment had come and gulping down a last drink pulled his pistol and with drunken oath staggered through the door. Outside and slightly up the street Draw was coming. As Oregon saw him he opened fire. The first bullet chipped a splinter from a board just back of Draw's head. But the latter did not return the fire. Instead he continued to walk toward Oregon, his hand resting on the holster of his gun, his lip curled in a contemptuous smile. It was as though he considered his adversary too cheap to even shoot at. Oregon fired again. This time Draw's hat flew from his head but he didn't even hesitate. He simply kept approaching the other man, still not drawing his gun. The mocking smile, the set purpose of the man he had betrayed, to show him up as a yellow coward, combined with the whiskey he had drunk, unnerved Oregon utterly. He fired hastily and blindly until his gun was empty, all the shots going wild and as the smoke cleared and he saw Draw still smiling, still walking toward him he uttered a wild yell of terror and dropping the gun fled madly, blindly down the street. Draw watched him a moment and then turned to the crowd. "That's the kind of a coyote he is boys", he said simply. Then he turned to Buckston and extended his guns. "I aint waiting until six o'clock", he said. "I'm surrendering now." and reluctantly they led him to the jail. Out on the desert a drink crazed fear-haunted man staggered blindly. Just beneath him in a slight dip of the hot sand, the whirr of a rattler sounded warningly. Then several more as an aroused nest of snakes raised themselves to strike. But the man above did not hear or see and the next minute he had stumbled squarely among them.

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Draw Egan sat alone in the tumbledown jail thinking — thinking of the girl who had turned her face away as he passed. "But", he reflected with bitter self accusation, "but, what else was I aiming for her to do? Me, why should she look at me?" I had it coming. I had it coming" he repeated dully and then looked up at the door. It was opening and the uplift committee was entering. There was a moment and then Buckston spoke. "We've been talking it over", he began abruptly, "and have come to the conclusion, as you might call it, that this town needs you and your service a damn sight more than it needs anything else. The governor is a long ways off", he went on, "and we aint seeing how any good can come of worrying him with any talkes. He was told that Draw Egan was dead and you and us know that is true." He stopped and looked at the rest of the committee who nodded gravely. "so", Mr. Buckston continued, "if you're wanting to stay were wanting to have you. In fact we're wanting to have you anyway and we're calling you friend." And Mr. Buckston extended his hand.

Mr. Egan stared at his guests with a sudden moisture in his eyes. He choked heavily and then blurted out. "You mean this boys?" Yellow Dog did not believe on standing on ceremony and the response proved it as a dozen hands clapped Mr. Egan on the back. "Sure thing, Draw old Boss", they shouted at him boisterously. "What the hell's got into you anyway?" Still Mr. Egan seemed to hesitate. He thought of the girl who had turned her eyes away. "I don't know boys", he began slowly. "It seems to me like I ought to be going." Then a timid hand touched his and an angel's voice asked: "Even if I ask you to stay?" Mr. Egan looked down like a man in a dream. Sure enough it was the girl. He steadied himself. Then he smiled. "In that case", he said gravely, "dynamite is the only thing that'll be able to move me." Mr. Buckston cast a hasty glance about the room. His voice was silent but his eyes bellowed "Out" and everybody got him. Mr. Egan remained in, still standing, still staring at the girl. "I-I got a heap of explaining to do to you", he began penitently but her fingers on his lips stopped him. "Hush", she said softly, "I love you."

THE END.

MAY 27 1924

Washington, D. C.

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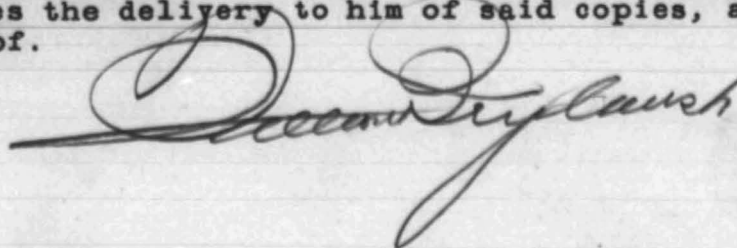
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